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## THE WHEY AND GRAPE CURES.

AUGUST has just ended; September, with its ripe autumnal tints, is purpling the banks of the beautiful Rhine, and our neighbours the Germans are bidding adieu to the resorts for the cure of the dyspeptic by whey, and betaking themselves to those where the grape reigns paramount. The English reader may well ask what are these remedies; these 'mineral-waters of organic nature,' as the German doctors have baptised them, in opposition to those of 'inorganic nature,' which spring from the surface of the earth; and proud, like all inventors of this new creation, they proclaim the superiority of the first over the second.

Those who wish to understand the matter in its scientific aspect must apply themselves to the work of Dr Beneke, *Die Rationalität der Molkenneuren*. As for ourselves, we do not profess to be of the faculty, or to judge of the value of this or that system, but simply to chronicle the facts. Milk, after the cream is taken off, divides into two parts—the one, white, opaque, and solid, is the curd or cheesy matter; the other, which swims on the top, transparent, and of a yellowish hue, is the whey or serum. In chemical laboratories, when but a small quantity is wanted, the separation is made by acids, such as lemon-juice or vinegar, whilst the milk is warm; but the shepherds on the Alpine summits have no such appliances at hand—nature is their laboratory; and as the work must be done quickly, and on a large scale, they coagulate the milk of their flocks by the help of a matter taken from the calf's stomach, called rennet. Thus freed from its fatty particles, the milk approaches to the lightness of water, and as under this form it retains the saline qualities, like the mineral-waters, and a much larger proportion of sugar, it enters into the category of these latter, and becomes a mineral-water *sui generis*. It is from this starting-point that the German doctors recommend it, even giving it the preference over the waters of Carlsbad or Wiesbaden; 'for these,' say they, 'are prepared in the bowels of the earth by the play of nature's forces, which can, up to a certain point, be understood, and even imitated; whilst the whey has become what it is under the influence of a still more powerful force, the mysterious power which regulates the phenomena of life.'

Nature! We must always return to that beneficent mother, whether in poetry, art, or medicine.

She is the eternal source of all good, of all ideas, of all remedies. Such was the opinion of Dr Frederick Hoffman, who lived in the seventeenth century, and passes for the discoverer of the kind of cures we are speaking of. In his works we read: 'I affirm upon oath that in my youth I pursued chemical remedies with the greatest ardour; but as age creeps on, I have been convinced that a very few remedies, well chosen, drawn even from apparently the commonest substances, relieve the sick more quickly and more efficaciously than all the rarest and most costly drugs.' He wrote many essays in praise of whey as a therapeutic agent, a system which, however, had not the claim of novelty, since the Greek and Arabian physicians often recommended it, and in the south of France it has long been used in spring to cleanse the blood. No matter; the start was given; and Germany was the first to put it to a trial by resorting to Switzerland, the country of rich pasture and innumerable flocks, where the first establishment was formed at Gais, in the canton of Appenzell, in the year 1749.

Since then, stations devoted especially to this kind of cure have multiplied, either in the heart of the Alps, or in that extensive and picturesque region which extends from the borders of the Rhine to the foot of the Carpathian Mountains. In Switzerland, the canton of Appenzell is still the most frequented for this purpose; the treatment is practised on a large scale, and three hundred and fifty kilogrammes of whey are consumed daily. In Germany, the establishments are often confused with those for thermal waters; but Rehburg, in Hanover; Schlangenbad, in Nassau; Liebenstein, in Saxe-Meiningen; Lieberda, in Bohemia; Baden, near Vienna; and Vienna itself, to which place they carry the whey from the environs, and supply it to the consumptive in winter, are all considerable stations. The beautiful Ischl, so well known to tourists, presents this attraction; whilst Meran, in a lovely situation in the Tyrol, boasts of an establishment for the grape as well as the whey cure. At Fured, in Hungary, on the shores of Lake Balaton, from six to seven thousand head of cattle daily furnish their milk for the sick. It is in vain to seek for these localities on our maps. The fields of battle, or the cities where treaties of peace were signed, which were not always faithfully kept, are mentioned; but the places where men are restored to the enjoyment of life and health, are

passed over in silence. 'There reigns over these stations a sort of *moral climate*, which we do not expect who think of watering-places more as resorts of pleasure than of cure. All is done without agitation, noise, or the effervescence of gaiety; the calm and the peace which pervade the atmosphere of these places dedicated to the treatment of the sick and the rest of those who suffer, are very striking.'

For the information of those who may be tempted to try this remedy, we may say that the whey is particularly recommended in Germany for intestinal affections, diseases of the stomach, liver, and heart, for gout and pulmonary consumption. Its lightness and warmth render it more agreeable to the delicate constitution than the strong, cold, mineral-waters; and many consumptive Germans, who reside in Venice during the winter, return to their own country in the summer to take a course of whey. Those who feel the best effects from this remedy are men who live in the whirl of politics or the retirement of study, whose brain is always at work (and it is well known that the Germans have found out a way for working twenty-five hours in the day); it is for these white slaves that a season of whey is most useful and salutary. They feel the benefit at the end of a few days; and to shew how nourishing it is, you have only to look at the rosy faces of the shepherds; it restores order and equilibrium to the system, acts powerfully on the nerves, and makes the blood circulate.

The best whey is made in mountainous regions. About six in the morning, at Weissbad, in Switzerland, the shepherd's bell is heard announcing his descent from the mountain with the daily supply of whey, which has been made at the chalets higher up during the night. To procure it of good quality, the milk must be new, and, above all, it is necessary to keep the whey which comes from it of the same temperature; in order to insure this, it is carried in a vessel previously heated by water to fifty degrees Reaumur, and enclosed in another filled with water heated to an equal degree, which envelops the first with a thick zone of caloric. During the time that it is dispensed, this water is renewed as often as it is necessary. If a warmed-up dinner be bad for the digestion, it is the same with this sero-lactic fluid; it is no longer an agreeable remedy, but an objectionable drug. At well-managed establishments the whey is brought fresh three times a day, and as soon as the bell sounds, the invalids, in dressing-gowns and night-caps, run from all parts, armed with glasses, like those used at Carlsbad, for instance, holding about a hundred and twenty grammes, a gramme being equal to twenty-three grains. After having drunk it, they walk about in the fresh Alpine air for a quarter of an hour. At the commencement of the treatment, one or two glasses are ordered, sometimes to be mixed with the mineral-waters; afterwards the dose is increased to four or five glasses.

The whey is not insipid, as might be supposed from what is sold at the farms and druggists' shops; it even has a slight perfumed flavour, when the cattle have browsed in the flowery and aromatic pastures which abound in the higher Alps. The milk most generally used is that of the goat; but for the treatment of consumption, that of the sheep is only advised. Old Galen said: 'Goat's milk holds the middle place, so that it is neither fatter, thicker, nor lighter, if compared with that of the cow, sheep, or ass.' The season of drinking lasts from three to four weeks. The *régime* which follows is of a frugal description: soup—or as in England we should rather call it porridge, being often made of oatmeal and maize—for breakfast and supper; while for dinner there are plain meats and dry wines. With the end of August, the season terminates; the whey is thought to be better in spring when the grass is more tender.

But this organic product is not only taken internally,

it is also used in the form of baths, though all the establishments cannot boast of such a provision. A Roman lady in ancient days used to travel followed by five hundred she-asses, destined to furnish her with milk-baths daily. The beautiful Aurora, Countess of Königsmark, mother of Marshal Saxe, took such a bath every morning. For a whey-bath, a much larger quantity is necessary. Switzerland can afford such treasures of pastoral abundance; but in Germany it is more difficult, excepting in the vast plains of the Carpathians, bordered with the dark, silent forests.

Turn we now to the curative virtues of the grape, which, from all time, has been the theme of the convivial poet as a universal specific; but in this case it is not the fruit of the vine transformed by fermentation, but the fruit itself. The grape lends the whey a fraternal assistance in curing our neighbours the Germans. In spring, it is recommended to make a pilgrimage to a whey establishment; to continue it during summer; and then, when the grapes are ripe, to try that; there is nothing to prevent an excursion to the mineral-waters in the interval. During winter, go back to the whey; and if the malady persists in its ravages after such a *régime*, the doctors can only say that it displays great obstinacy.

The method of treatment by the grape is not new. In a curious work by Dr Schulze, entitled *Die Traubencur in Dureheim*, he says: 'To many persons, I speak of an entirely new subject, and yet it is very ancient.' But without remounting the stream of time, as does the author, to the Egyptians, to Herodotus, and the Land of Canaan, we will content ourselves with saying that the ancients employed the juice of the grape as a powerful therapeutic agent; sometimes in an unfermented state, or by taking baths when in fermentation, employing even the thick dregs which settle when in a state of repose. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, speaks of the medicinal virtue of the grape, and the Romans, with their eagles and their gods, carried the blessing of the vine to the ends of the world. In France, it has long been used as medicine, and now, in the southern provinces, at the time of the vintage, which is held as a festival for the whole country, you see the pale faces and attenuated figures of the convalescent restored to *embonpoint*. 'Go,' say they, 'to the vineyards in the morning, and eat the fresh grapes.' There, in that happy country, let any who will enter the vineyards; there is nothing to pay; the poor can there gather strength to help them over the winter season. The birds, too, imitate the example of man, or it may be that man is taught by the instinct of animals. On the shores of the Mediterranean, from Spain to Italy, as soon as the grape begins to ripen, legions of starved birds swoop down on the vines, live upon the fruit, and depart in a very different condition, if the gun of the sportsman, attracted by this fat game, does not cut off their retreat. In Spain, during the ripening, the proprietors of Olios, in the province of Toledo, place the poorest of the people in charge of the vines until the vintage; they live on a little bread and the fruit which is at hand; they come like skeletons; but when they descend the hills, they have despoiled them of their purple grapes, 'their colour is heightened, the pulse quickened, in full possession of their strength, and much fattened.'

If these traditions are lost in some countries, it is not so in Germany, where the people live quite as much in the past as the present. Everything is there done with method. When one of the thousand products of nature has revealed its beneficent power, they respect, preserve, cultivate, and study it. Thus, the grape-cure grows more and more in favour in the grape-growing countries of Germany. Of course, it follows that the best kinds only are used. Establishments, especially in Switzerland, are not so common as for the whey-cure, the banks of the

Lake of Geneva forming the principal centre for them, where may be found sheltered spots free from the storms of wind, and where the temperature is warm and soft, such as Aigle, Veytaux, and Montreux. In Germany, the same danger is not to be feared; the stations are not circumscribed to a few valleys opening to the south and west; but the vine is grown over the whole surface of the country, from the Rhine and Switzerland to the Tyrol and Hungary. The first-mentioned locality has long been considered as the best refuge for the consumptive; and Armenhausen, Bingen, Boppard, Laubbeck, Rudesheim, and above all, St Goarshausen, are celebrated resorts. The Hardt, in the Palatinate, which must not be confounded with the Harz, the land of witches and *Kobolds*, opens to the sun its vineyards and establishments; still further north is Kreuznach, already celebrated by its waters; and Presburg, in Hungary, where the rows of vines are divided by peach, apricot, and cherry trees. The fruit which is cultivated in this part of Germany is different from the others; the influence of an Italian sun is felt; the grape is sweeter and more heating.

The most renowned establishment is that of Durckheim, in Bavaria. Situated at the end of a valley, where picturesque nooks meet you at every step, and historical remembrances crowd upon you, among vineyards which cover, for a ten hours' walk, the sides of the Hardt Mountains, near the ruins of the most celebrated convents of Germany, and looking over the widely-extended plain of the Rhine, this little town of six thousand inhabitants presents a lively scene during the ripening and vintage of the grape. It is a kind of fruit that has gained a great reputation, closely resembling that of Hungary which is made into the famous wine of Tokay. It contains little sugar, and, when fermented, does not develop much alcohol, whilst phosphate of chalk forms a component part, giving it a peculiar medicinal value. Here the visitors rise at five in the morning, and gather the grapes for themselves, whilst the dew of night still covers the pellicle. Half a kilogramme is the quantity prescribed at the beginning of the treatment—about two pounds of our weight; this is gradually increased to two, three, and even four kilogrammes, which is the ordinary limit. The patient is ordered never to take the remedy home. This interior douche must be eaten in the open air; those with delicate chests alone are to avoid the early promenade, which is followed by a breakfast of bread and water. About eleven o'clock, the second grape-feast is held, and dinner between twelve and two. Wine is forbidden, as well as farinaceous food—such as puddings and sweet cakes—radishes, cabbage, potatoes, oysters, and rich fish. On the other hand, roast-meat, hares, pheasants, and kids, all which abound in Germany, are permitted. The bread must be of a superior quality, made up in those beautiful rolls which are so well known to the traveller. After this principal repast, a few grapes may be taken as a paste, the third portion being eaten at three o'clock. About six or seven, there is a supper as frugal as the breakfast; and a little time before retiring to rest, the fourth dose is consumed.

A grave question has arisen on this subject, upon which the doctors of France and Germany do not agree: Must the stones and skins be swallowed or not? Dr Schulze says yes; M. Carrière says no. My advice is, that in fine weather you had better pay a visit to Durckheim, and decide for yourself. Walking through the vineyards, you no longer wonder that the inhabitants should have acquired the reputation they have had for ages as being great drinkers. Their bacchanalian contests are known to history; Cooper has popularised them in the story of the challenge sent by a citizen of Wachenheim to the abbé of Limbourg, the first drinker in the Roman empire. In this case the clergyman was conquered by the *bourgeois*.

But, happily, it is health, and not inebriety which is now sought in these establishments. After a few days, the blood circulates more quickly, the face grows rosy, there is a feeling of strength and happiness, a change in all the tissues. Persons suffering from dropsy, gastritis, disease of the liver, jaundice, hypochondriasis, gout, and consumption, draw from it good effects: it is prescribed for studious men, and nervous women, worn out with the effects of a winter's balls and gaiety.

In a spirit of impartiality, we neither pretend to defend nor deride the system. A follower of Henry Heine has said: 'The Germans are poor, and they must have poor medicines. Hydropathy is nothing but pure water; homœopathy administers *Liliputian* doses; why is but the extract of milk; as to grapes, they are nature's pills, invented and dispensed by the good God without the approbation of the faculty of medicine.'

#### MORE 'GRONOWS.'

CAPTAIN Gronow is the Boswell of his age, by which term we do not mean to misrepresent him as merely a reflector or hanger-on, but as giving, on the whole, the clearest idea of the men and manners of his time to the generation who succeeded him. A little while ago, encouraged by the universal favour with which his reminiscences were received in the bow-windows of St James' Street, the gallant raconteur published his *Recollections of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs*; and now again, stimulated by the success which that little volume most deservedly obtained, he has published a second series.

Continuations of literary works have been generally found much inferior to their first parts, from *Paradise Lost* to *Robinson Crusoe* at home, but such is not the case with the book in question. It is in many respects an improvement upon its predecessor. Captain Gronow, to whom authorship was before somewhat novel, has lost the stiffness and abruptness of style which somewhat marred his previous narrations, and discourses genially enough; he feels that he has got his public by the button-hole, and can talk to it with unreserve. So much so, indeed, is this the case, that he now and then forgets that he is writing for the world at large, which includes both sexes, and tells it 'a gentleman's story.' Instead of his second series being made up, as usually happens, of the things which he had cast aside as not good enough for the first, he appears rather to have discovered quite a new and superior vein of anecdote, so excellent, that he cannot afford to suppress any of it, although Propriety stands aghast, with her mouth open, and Good-breeding—or at least that of modern times—affects not to hear what he says. The famous Lady Aldborough, says our author, used to confess with cynical *naïveté*, that 'she was perfectly aware that many persons objected to her style of conversation, but that, unfortunately, all the wit and humour for which she was celebrated, lay in that kind of jesting which the over-particular considered offensive;' and this is sometimes the case with Captain Gronow's second volume. However, there is much that is noteworthy and very 'extractable' in it, for all that. It treats of everything notorious in his time, which, of course, includes things famous as well as infamous. Shakspeare and the musical glasses but feebly express the limits of the gamut of our author's recollections:

He talks of politics and prayers,  
Of Balme's prose, of Rogers' sonnets,  
Of daggers, and of dancing bears,  
Of battles, and the last new bonnets.

From the 1st Napoleon to the Pig-faced Lady; from Hoby, the bootmaker, to Lord Castlereagh; from the causes of the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty to the



origin of Sally Lunns—Captain Gronow has interesting information to offer concerning all things contemporaneous with himself. He gives, too, the names of everybody, or their transparent initials, and even the dates of their scandalous transactions, so that his book is not only entertaining to the multitude, but must gratify the personal spite of a very large number of the fashionable world.

The captain, however, informs us—and he certainly ought to know—that fashionable people are not so spiteful as they used to be. The 'dandies' who led the *ton* forty years ago, were, he confesses, 'unspeakably odious. There was nothing remarkable about them but their insolence. They were not particularly high-born, nor rich, nor very good-looking, nor clever, nor agreeable. They were generally middle-aged, and even elderly men, had large appetites, and weak digestions, gambled freely, and had no luck.' They would cut their own fathers, if they did not belong to the particular set which they considered good society. 'Mr S— was once riding in the park with the Marquis of C—, then one of the kings of the fashionable world, and some other dandies of that day, when they met a respectable-looking elderly man, who nodded somewhat familiarly to S—. "Who's your friend?" drawled Lord C—. "That?" replied S—; "oh, a very good sort of fellow—one of my Cheshire farmers." It was his own father, a most amiable and excellent man, and who had better blood in his veins, and a larger fortune than any of the lordlings by whom his unworthy son was surrounded.' The cutting of relatives is now rare; and, indeed, adds the captain, 'in these days of monster-parties, it is unnecessary.' There is more self-respect, too, among those who do not belong to 'the Upper Ten,' and tondyism meets with too severe treatment to flourish as it used to do. At the same time, Captain Gronow makes grave charges against the world of fashion of to-day, and he is a witness of no mean importance in that particular matter. Where he can praise, he is, of course, *laudator temporis acti*; he protests that, when George III. was king, the women of England were more beautiful and better bred than they are now. 'You could not help feeling somewhat elated and self-satisfied, if, perchance, one of those sidelong glances, half-proud, half-bashful, like a petted child's, fell upon you, leaving you silent and pensive, full of hopes and memories. Egad, it was worth being loved by such women as these!' Thus Major Pen—, we mean Captain Gronow, regrets the fashionable beauties of his youth; nay, he even defends their frailties. 'For, if there were then, as now, tales of sin and shame, there were also the extenuating circumstances of strong temptation, overwhelming passion, self-sacrifice, remorse: often the blighted heart and early grave—things almost unknown in these days of flirtation and frivolity.'

Too many young ladies of fashion now a days, he complains, have taken for their ideal a something between the dashing 'horse-breaker' and some Parisian 'artiste dramatique' of a third-rate theatre. They make sporting bets; they ride ahead in the park; they call their father 'governor,' and their mother 'the old party;' they talk of the young men who 'spoon' them, and even discuss with them stories, the very faintest allusion to which would have made their mothers' hair stand on end with horror. These accusations, be it remembered, come from a man of long experience, and whose observation has been concentrated upon a few things; we can only hope that he has exaggerated, since it is almost impossible that he can be mistaken. There were hearts broken (egad) in Captain Gronow's day, but that is not possible now. In his time, a certain lady-killer having jilted a fair one, she threatened to commit suicide, and wrote him a most passionate appeal that he would at least return the lock of hair which she

had given him in happier hours. The barbarian, who was in the Guards, gave no written answer to this request, but sent his orderly to the lady—who was a person of high birth and aristocratic connections—with a large packet containing innumerable locks of hair, from brown to flaxen, from raven to red, with a message that she was to choose from among them her own property. If a young lady of the present day were so indiscreet as to give a man a lock of hair, it would probably not be her own; while she would as soon think of threatening to commit suicide, because a gentleman got 'off the hooks,' as of actually doing it.

If the fair sex, however, have thus deteriorated since Captain Gronow's time, it is certain that school-masters have improved. When our author was a boy at Eton, two of the tutors, Drury and Knapp, used to make a practice of driving to London after school in a curriole, and supping with Edmund Kean. Nay, unmindful of the adage, *Maxima sit pueri reverentia*, they on one occasion even took with them two young noblemen, their pupils, the sons of Lord Eldon and the then Duke of Marlborough. It was only to be expected that these boys would drink more than was good for them under Mr Kean's auspices; but the great actor himself, and his two adult friends, also indulged so freely as to sally out after their entertainment upon the town in search of adventures: and after several encounters with the guardians of the night, the whole party were locked up in Bow Street, and had to be bailed out by the Lord Chancellor's own secretary. This incident, we are told, created much scandal, and the two tutors were threatened with the loss of their places! Shade of Busby, what an escapade was this! And what a racy publication would be a *Tom Brown's School-days* of half a century ago!

Men of fashion, too, now a days, evince some little care of their constitutions, and do not drink absinthe and curacao out of tumblers like Twistleton Fiennes. That nobleman much astonished a new servant recommended to him by our author, by giving him for his first injunction the following order: 'Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside, and call me the day after to-morrow.' Nor does our modern extravagance reach the fearful pitch which it attained under the Regency and in the generation before. 'No Mademoiselle Duthé is now beheld, even in Paris, in a carriage covered with gold, and drawn by eight cream-coloured horses;' and when a nobleman's affairs have to be wound up, his friend and adviser does not receive a note from his lordship on the last morning, as happened in Lord Alvanley's case, to say that he has quite forgotten to take into account a little debt of fifty-five thousand pounds.

Lord Alvanley was one of the few dandies who had great wit. Upon returning from Wimbledon, after his duel with Morgan O'Connell, he gave his hackney-coachman a sovereign; Jarvey was profuse in his thanks, and observed that it was a great deal for having only taken his lordship to Wimbledon. 'No, my good man; I give it you not for taking me, but for bringing me back again.' He was a charmingly agreeable person, and most welcome guest; but there was a peculiarity about his way of putting out his bed-candle which made his hosts a little anxious. 'He always read in bed; and when he wanted to go to sleep, he either extinguished his candle by throwing it on the floor in the middle of the room, and taking a shot at it with the pillow, or else quietly placed it, when still lighted, under the bolster. At Badminton and other country-houses, his habits were so well known, that a servant was ordered to sit up in the passage to keep watch over him.'

The Duke of Marlborough, grandfather of the present duke, outdid even Alvanley in extravagance: when Lord Blandford, and living almost entirely upon post-obits, 'he would give Lee and Kennedy

five hundred pounds for a curious plant or shrub; and I well remember his paying eighteen hundred pounds for a curious edition of Boccaccio. . . . . I recollect, in 1816, going down with him to his country-seat, Whiteknights, which was afterwards sold, and has since been pulled down. During our journey, Lord Blandford opened a sort of cupboard which was fixed on one side of the coach in which we travelled, and which contained a capital luncheon, with different kinds of wine and liqueurs. Another part of this roomy vehicle, on a spring being touched, displayed a sort of *secrétaire*, with writing materials and a large pocket-book; the latter he opened, and shewed me fifty Bank of England notes for a thousand pounds each, which, he told me, he had borrowed the day before from a well-known money-lender in the city named Levy. He stated that he had given in return a post-obit on his father's death for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and added: "You see, Gronow, how the immense fortune of my family will be frittered away; but I can't help it—I must live. My father inherited five hundred thousand pounds in ready-money, and seventy thousand a year in land; and in all probability, when it comes to my turn to live at Blenheim, I shall have nothing left but the annuity of five thousand pounds a year on the post-office." It is needless to say that this prediction was verified. Heirs were fortunate, in those days, when the prodigality of their fathers took only an eccentric form, as in the case of Lord Petersham, whose shelves and tables were covered with magnificent snuff-boxes, of which, it is said, he had one for every day in the year. 'I heard him, on the occasion of a delightful old light-blue Sevres box he was using being admired, say, in his lisping way: "Yes; it is a nice summer box, but will not do for winter wear."

Nor was it only the nobility who exhibited this reckless profusion; the men of fashion seem to have been not a whit worse than their betters, the men of genius. The enormous sums which Balzac received for his writings were squandered in unimaginable luxuries, which invariably introduced him to the bailiffs; and yet he was not a person of aristocratic tastes. 'The great enchanter was one of the oiliest and commonest-looking mortals I ever beheld, being short and corpulent, with a broad, florid face, a cascade of double-chins, and straight, greasy hair. The only striking feature in that Friar Tuck's countenance was his eye—dark, flashing, wicked, full of sarcasm and unholy fire.' Eugène Sue, again, lived like a prince, and better than most French princes; his horses were the most beautiful, his equipage the best appointed, his dinners the most perfect, in Paris; while at his castle in Sologne he lived the life of a Sardanapalus. Captain Gronow, always looking from his Pall-Mall point of view, observes of Sue, that although he never had the wit of Dumas, or the descriptive powers of Balzac, 'he possessed the immense advantage over his rivals in being veritably "un homme du monde." He could therefore make the men and women in his novels act and speak as people really do, and not like workmen in their Sunday coats, or actors in the old melodramas.' Eugène had a passion for beautiful flowers, and kept his conservatory filled with valuable exotics; while in his button-hole was always to be found a camellia or tuberose, just as the apricot tart was all the year round a *sine quâ non* upon Lord Alvanley's sideboard. In the revolution of 1848, he went all lengths with the Red Republican party, and had eventually to leave France, and pass the remaining years of his life in Savoy, in complete seclusion. But Balzac and Sue were prudent and economical men compared with Alexandre Dumas—the *Père Prodigue*, as he has been styled by his witty son. The amount which he spent upon his *Monte Christo* villa—with its little dressing-room in white marble—was quite fabulous, and almost

equalled the fictitious sums which change hands so freely in his wonderful novel of that name. On one occasion, having to leave Paris upon one of his many trips to foreign lands, he allowed his friends the run of his house and cellar during his absence. 'On his return home, he gave a breakfast, to celebrate the event. His numerous guests, towards the end of the repast, expressed a wish to drink his health in champagne, and the servant went down stairs as if to look for some, but soon returned with the dismal intelligence that it had been all drunk. Dumas slipped a few napoleons into the valet's hand, and ordered him to buy some at the neighbouring restaurateur's; but having some suspicion, he followed the servant, when, to his great surprise, he beheld the fellow emerging from his own cellar, from whence he had brought up his own champagne. Dumas, though the soul of good-nature, was about to turn the rascal off on the spot, when the man fell at his kind master's feet, reminded him that he had a wife and family, and implored his mercy.

"Well, I will forgive you this once," said the great writer; "but upon the next occasion, do at least give me credit."

Dumas, as everybody knows, is almost a mulatto, with woolly hair and copper complexion; his son, who has inherited his wit, observes of him that he is so fond of ostentation that he is always expecting him to get up behind his own carriage, in order to make people imagine that he keeps a negro footman. The *Père Prodigue* himself is not at all more sensitive about his complexion, and makes equally excellent jokes upon the subject. His daughter made a very good marriage; and the mother of the bridegroom, a provincial lady of great respectability, came to Paris to be present at the wedding. The church was full of spectators, and it so happened that among them were several negroes. The lady from the country, seated of course beside the father of her son's bride, expressed her astonishment at seeing so many people of colour. 'Oh,' replied the incorrigible jester, 'I can explain that very easily: that is my family, who are come to assist at the nuptials of my daughter!' The lady, we are told, was horrified at the prospect of this enormous negro connection.

Dumas is as lavish of his humour as of his money. 'His wit is prodigious, his fund of anecdote inexhaustible, and the strength of his lungs overwhelming. To give my English readers an idea of his Herculean powers of conversation—I may remark that I was present at a dinner some twelve or fifteen years ago, where Lord Brougham and Dumas were among the company; and the loquacious ex-chancellor could not literally get in a single word, but had to sit, for the first and last time in his life, a perfect dummy.'

The greatest wit of the generation which preceded Dumas, was the gambler, Count Montrond. When accused of cheating at cards by an officer of the Guards, he answered with the coolness which distinguished him through life under every circumstance: 'That is possible; but I don't like people to say so.' And he called the offender out twice. In the first duel, he was run through the body, and almost slain; but in the second, he managed to kill his opponent.

After this, he was considered a dangerous man to meddle with, and got on very comfortably for the future, apropos of which, Talleyrand observed: '*Il vit sur son mort.*' Many excellent things have been attributed to Talleyrand which were really said by Montrond, such as '*La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour l'aider à cacher sa pensée*;' and '*Défini vous des premiers mouvements; ils sont presque toujours bons.*' A French general, who had the misfortune to be bald, said that he wished to make a present to a certain lady of something rare. 'Give her a lock of your hair,' remarked Montrond. A friend who was about to marry the natural daughter of the Duke de

—, was expatiating at great length on the virtues, good qualities, and talents of his future wife, but without making any allusion to her birth. 'Very true,' observed Montrond, '*on disait que tu épouses une fille surnaturelle.*' We can well imagine this gentleman being a favourite with our lamented Duke of York. Their introduction took place from the mere report of the former's virtues. 'Who the dence is this Montrond?' asked the Duke of Arthur Upton.

'They say, sir,' replied Upton, 'that he is the most agreeable scoundrel and the greatest reprobate in France.'

'Is he, by Jove!' exclaimed H. R. H.; 'then let us ask him to dinner immediately.'

Our royal dukes of that period had no very rigid notions of morality, as Captain Gronow's Recollections of them abundantly testify.

Count d'Orsay seems to have been possessed not only of wit, but of humour, such as would hardly be expected in a man who took perfumed baths and went about with an enormous gold dressing-case, which required a couple of men to carry it. It was very dangerous to play him tricks or treat him with hauteur. Lady Holland, who, upon his first appearance at two-and-twenty at her house, imagined he was awe-struck by her majestic selfishness, must have been rather astonished by the manner in which he threw off her yoke. Her ladyship, having what is called 'no lap,' was continually letting her napkin slip to the ground, and as often as she did so, she smiled blandly at the young count, and asked him to pick it up. He politely complied several times, but at last, tired of this exercise, he said: '*Ne ferais-je pas mieux, madame, de m'asseoir sous la table, afin de pouvoir vous passer la serviette plus rapidement?*' On another occasion, the well-known Tom Raikes, who was very much marked with the small-pox, wrote d'Orsay an anonymous letter filled with impertinence, and with the wafer that closed it stamped with something like the top of a thimble. The count having discovered who was the writer, thus addressed him in a room full of company: 'Ha, ha, my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose.'

Such anecdotes as these, which are found only here and there in bulky volumes of political 'correspondence,' or in the journals of court-life, and rescue the same from the oblivion justly earned by the rest of their contents, are as plentiful in this little book of Reminiscences as plums in bridecake. Nor are they exclusively *bon-mots* and epigrams. Some of them are as characteristic of the speakers as a whole Memoir, and others have that about them which makes them even more valuable now than at the time they were uttered. Thus, of the present Emperor of the French, Captain Gronow tells us that, talking to Lord Alvanley, in 1848, upon the chance of Prince Napoleon's election as President, his lordship informed him that 'he had just met the Prince at Colonel Dawson Damer's, and had never met with a more agreeable person; that he was very communicative, and would sit up smoking cigarettes till two or three o'clock in the morning; and that upon one occasion, in a long political discussion he had said, among other things: "It is fated that I shall become Emperor of France, avenge the defeat of Waterloo, and drive the Austrians out of Italy; and the time for this is not far distant." On the following morning, Lord Alvanley related what he had heard to Colonel Damer, who remarked: "Prince Louis is a charming person; he has a thousand good and agreeable qualities, but on the subject of politics, my dear Alvanley, he is mad as a hatter."

Of Rogers, our author observes that to him, who was no literary rival, the poet was amiable enough, but a very scourge to those who were in prosperity and renown. He tells us of his cadaverous face,

his ghost-like compelled speech, which caused Mr Ward—on an occasion when Rogers observed that his carriage had broken down, and he had been obliged to come in a hackney-coach—to whisper: 'In a hearse, I should think; and he compares his mild venom to the irritating effect which a caterpillar leaves on the skin. 'At an evening-party many years since at Lady Jersey's, every one was praising the Duke of B—, who had just come in, and who had lately attained his majority. There was a perfect chorus of admiration, to this effect: "Everything is in his favour; he has good looks, considerable abilities, and a hundred thousand a year." Rogers, who had been carefully examining the "young ruler," listened to these encomiums for some time in silence, and at last remarked, with an air of great exultation, and in his most venomous manner: "Thank Heaven, he has got bad teeth."

Nor does Captain Gronow's book consist entirely of 'sayings,' however excellent; the first part of the volume is a record of veritable 'doings'—what happened to various persons of distinction at the battle of Waterloo. All our officers appear to have been brave and obedient, but the majority of them to have been as ignorant of their duties—not to speak of the Art of War—as the famous Brook Green militiaman. General Picton declared that if he had fifty thousand such men as he had commanded in Spain, with French officers at their head, he would march from one end of Europe to the other. His own officers were much piqued by this observation, as well they might be.

'This is the first time,' said they, 'Sir Thomas, that we have heard that French officers were superior to ours.'

'What!' cried Picton, with his usual battery of expletives; 'never heard that! Why, where is our military education? Where are our military schools and colleges? Our greatest generals, Marlborough and Wellington, learned the art of war in France. Nine French officers out of ten can command an army; whilst our fellows, though as brave as lions, are totally and utterly ignorant of their profession: they know nothing. We are saved by our non-commissioned officers, who are the best in the world.'

It is to be hoped that competitive examinations have done something to do away with this reproach, which Captain Gronow, although humiliated and disgusted enough at the time Picton uttered it, acknowledges to have been well deserved.

It is also to be hoped that bribery committees have somewhat ameliorated the system of electioneering pursued in our author's time. When he himself stood for Grimsby, one of his best supporters, and a most respectable man, informed him that there were four persons to whom he must give one hundred pounds apiece; and if not, he was sure to be beaten. Having passed his word to his patron, Lord Yarborough, that he would not bribe, he refused to listen to this, and lost his election by four votes. At Stafford, Captain Gronow was not thus shackled, and therefore succeeded. 'I went down to that place on the dissolution in 1832; and on the morning after my arrival, several hundred electors assembled in military array under my windows, and on my appearance received me with three cheers. One of the leaders of this worthy band of brothers then spoke out thus:

"Now, Gronow, my old boy, we like what we have heard about you, your principles, and all that sort of thing; we will therefore all vote for you, if"—

'Here every man in the crowd struck his breech-pocket several times with his open hand. After this expressive pantomime, the speaker continued:

"You know what we mean, old fellow? If not—you understand—you won't do for Stafford."

Captain Gronow was elected; but on the assembly of the first Reformed Parliament, among the petitions presented was a very extraordinary one against his return—the purport of it actually was, that he ought



to be unseated because he had not bribed the electors sufficiently. 'When Mr Lee, the clerk, read out this humble petition, roars of laughter were heard from all sides of the house; and the Speaker, very much scandalised, ruled that it could not be received.'

### A MOMENT'S IMPULSE.

#### I.

If the reader has ever visited Shingleton during the bathing-season, he will remember Captain Lefever; or if the mention of that name fails to bring out any picture on his memory, he will at least be probably able to recall to mind the mysterious cause of so much gossip and speculation, who lived in a white cottage on the verge of the cliff, about a mile to the north of the village.

For Shingleton is a small place, so far removed from civilisation that the *Times* does not reach it till the day after publication; and as for the weeklies, sojourners in that secluded district get them with the right dates on their foreheads. There are no balls or concerts, or marionettes, or Punch and Judy shows; so that those who are too sea-sick to sail, too lazy to walk, too indifferent to the 'wonders of the shore' to paddle about after sea-anemones, and too fastidious to be able to derive amusement from the fossil literature obtainable at the Fancy Repository and Circulating Library, have nothing to distract their minds from the proper study for mankind. Any one who stays there a month without getting every man, woman, child, and donkey by heart, must be a naturalist, a poet, or a lover. Even the most abstracted of these would probably notice, with some passing curiosity, the low, one-storied building, like a section of a barrack, with its formal square-cut garden, its flagstaff, flanked on either side by a small mortar, its telescope-stand with a swivelled rest, all as spick and span as soap and water, paint, and the anxious care of that tidiest of old maids, a superannuated soldier, who has been an officer's servant, could make them; the whole cut off from the surrounding heath by an embankment, which ran to the very brink of the cliff, and obliged the pedestrian to break off his walk along the edge, and turn his steps inland, until he had made the detour of what he might very likely mistake for a preventive-service outpost. Nor was the master of this place less likely to be remarked than his house. Captain Lefever has lately died, at the age of eighty-five; but up to the last, Time was unable to bend his towering head, or wither his stalwart frame. His proportions, indeed, were almost gigantic, being six feet four in height, and yet of such breadth and depth, that he did not strike the eye so much as a tall as a fine and powerful man. His hair, bushy eyebrows, moustache, and whiskers, were silver white, his forehead and mouth furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes keen as a hawk's, deep set in his head; altogether his appearance was calculated to attract notice anywhere; even in the crowded thoroughfare of a great city, your eye would have been arrested by his form, and you would have said: 'What a splendid old man!' For we always feel an interest in one who seems to be making a good fight of it with the common enemy of all of us—Time.

But the most attractive part about Captain Lefever was the mystery in which he was enveloped. He was unwilling to make any one's acquaintance, which, of course, gave rise to a great anxiety on the part of his neighbours to make his; a desire, however, which remained uniformly ungratified, for during some fifty years' residence in that part of the country, he had not made a single friend. He went regularly to church, and had on more than one occasion required medical assistance, yet neither the clergyman nor the doctor had got beyond the most formal bowing acquaintance

with him. Yet he did not look like a madman, a miser, or a misanthrope: he was cleanly in his person, neat in his dress, and wandered about with his book, his pipe, and his large Newfoundland dog, in a rational manner enough. He seemed particularly fond of children, and would watch them playing on the beach by the hour together; nor were his pockets often devoid of sweetmeats for the rich, and half-pence for the poorer little ones, who considered him a bountiful sea-deity; but all attempts, and they were several, made by parents to stalk his friendship under cover of their children, failed ignominiously.

Who was he? What was he? Why did he thus keep himself secluded? Some of the more curious visitors at Shingleton have ere now fretted themselves into fevers in the endeavour to solve these questions. Endless were the theories, romantic the stories current about him. Various attempts were made to seduce his servant, John Dobbs, who, indeed, was by no means indifferent to the charms of beer and social conversation; but all that could be got out of John was, that his master had been an officer in the —th Foot, had taken a melancholy turn, sold out, and fixed his abode at Shingleton, at a time when there were no habitations but a few fishermen's huts in the neighbourhood.

That I alone succeeded in breaking through this barrier which fenced him in from the rest of the world, that I gained his friendship, and heard from his own lips the story which he afterwards gave me in writing, and which, now that he has gone, I have no hesitation in publishing, was owing to the merest accident. I was out sailing alone one calm sleepy day in a small and rather crank boat, when a sudden gust took me while I was drawing the cork of a bottle of porter; and before I could let go the sail, or catch hold of the tiller, I found myself in the water, striking out instinctively for the shore, which was some seven miles distant. It is said by Fontenelle and others that death by drowning is a pleasant sensation, but if this is a fact, the delight is dearly purchased by the sufferings of the previous struggle. When I had swum about three miles, I was done, and should soon have been let into that secret, as well as several others, if I had not been picked up by Captain Lefever, who was constantly cruising about in a small lugger he had, and who, seeing the capsized, had hastened to my assistance.

A man always feels drawn towards one whose life he has saved, and it was by this accident that I got admitted to a friendship which soon became exceedingly intimate, considering the disparity between our ages. We were drawn still closer together by the passion for sailing and sea-fishing which we shared, and which led us to spend whole days together, alone, bounding through the spray, or floating calmly on the undulating water. It was one still bright afternoon, as we lay at anchor in the bay with our lines out, that the conversation insensibly approached the subject of his life, and the cause of his seclusion; and when he had once begun to speak upon these topics, the words flowed from him in a torrent, which shewed what a relief to him was the utterance of thoughts over which he had so long brooded in silence.

This was the substance of his story.

#### II.

London was lighted with oil, and street-outrages were too common to make much fuss in the newspapers; gentlemen wore pumps, swallow-tailed coats with buttons between the shoulder-blades, and sheets rolled round and round their throats by way of neckties; female babies were never short-coated, but retained through life the garments of infancy: it was towards the end of the last century, in short, that Mr Trevor sat one evening with his wife and daughter in the drawing-room of a house in Russell Square.

Mr Trevor was a man of fifty, a merchant, one who, whatever time he might go to bed, made it a rule 'early to rise,' and was certainly 'healthy, wealthy, and—at all events in all matters connected with mercantile affairs—wise.' But there was a cloud upon his brow this evening, as he sat with his eyes fixed upon a newspaper which he saw not. Mrs Trevor, a buxom, sweet-faced lady, some five years his junior, sat opposite, her fingers busy with tambour-work, and her eyes glancing up anxiously now and then at her husband's face. Laura Trevor, a charming girl of eighteen, was seated at the table, painting butterflies on a hand-screen, an employment which, by causing her to bend her head forwards, would have enabled any one standing opposite to observe the delicious effect of her long black eyelashes upon her soft peach cheeks.

There was evidently a gloom over the party, all of whom kept for some time a silence, which Mrs Trevor was the first to break.

'And there is no news of him?' she asked her husband.

'None,' replied Mr Trevor, laying down the paper.

'This Bow Street runner whom you employed, and who gave us such hopes'—

'Was mistaken; got upon a wrong scent. It seems that there are other fathers cursed with undutiful sons, and the young man he traced was not *our* William.'

There was a pause. 'I did hope,' said Mrs Trevor at length, 'that the announcement of his sister's marriage would have brought some word from him; he was always so fond of Laura.'

The girl said nothing, but without raising her head, continued her occupation. Presently, a large drop fell on the wing of a butterfly, and spoiled the labour of an hour.

It was a sad story, not, alas! a strange one. A wealthy, industrious, indulgent father; a spendthrift, idle, spoiled son. Spoiled? Well, I do not know; there are so many cant phrases in circulation, which always turn up on such occasions. If a scapegrace is kindly treated in childhood, the parents have 'pickled a rod for their own backs.' If they have been strict with him: 'It is bad to keep the bow always bent;' 'Severity begets hypocrisy;' 'The poor young man was driven away from his home,' &c. If he has been brought up at a public school: 'What could the parents expect, after having exposed him to temptation at so early an age?' If, on the contrary, he has been educated by a private tutor: 'A young man is sure to go wrong if he is plunged into the world at an age when all his passions are ripe, without any previous experience or training; it is better to let him mix as a boy with other boys; no greater mistake than to make him a greenhorn and a milksoop; such are always the worst when at last they do break out.'

Take a clique of fast young men, whose vices are a source of sorrow to their friends, and confer separately with the parents of each individual member; I will wager a dinner at Greenwich to a red herring, that they will tell you that their particular son 'got into bad company,' and 'was led away by the rest.' And yet, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the scamp has plotted, and intrigued, and taken infinite pains to gain admission into the 'set' with whom he has trod the paths that lead to grief. A proselyting spirit is by no means common among the fashionably dissipated, and when a man goes wrong, he does so mostly because he prefers it to going right; temptation comes from within rather than from without.

I will not say, then, that William Trevor's misdeeds were attributable to the early indulgence of his parents; if the human heart can be actually hardened by kindness, man must be lower than the dog. I would rather consider that it was *in spite of* the love of his father, mother, and sister that he turned out so badly. A fine, handsome fellow was young Trevor,

with a broad, open brow, a pleasant smile, a frank, captivating manner, but selfish, heartless, unprincipled, and extravagant to such a degree that it seemed a madness. Twice had the father paid his debts; but if Mr Trevor was indulgent, he was also just, and would not allow the fortune in which his other child had a share to be squandered in the support of infamy. He had at first thought that the boy was 'having his fling,' 'sowing his wild oats,' and hoped that he would soon settle down and reform. But, alas! William Trevor was not merely thoughtless and fond of pleasure; he was vicious to the core, and sank daily deeper in the slough of debauch and shamelessness. Then came more earnest applications for money, refusal on his father's part to give him a penny beyond his allowance, high words, open rupture; then a short period of mean shift and positive distress; pretended repentance, and the prodigal-son business; relapse and flight from the paternal dwelling, accompanied with *crime*—yes, crime, for it was in vain that the broken-hearted parents tried to persuade themselves that they had taught their son to look upon what was theirs almost as his own; their reason dinned the word theft! theft! theft! into their throbbing brain. It was now three months since they had heard anything of him, and Mr Trevor feared the worst, never taking up a newspaper without a shudder lest he should see indelible disgrace in its columns, for why should his son stop at a first robbery? He had taken every possible secret means to gain some tidings of the fugitive, for the purpose of rescuing him perforce from the career which lay before him, but hitherto without success.

The subject which had engaged the silent meditations of each having been once broached, Mr and Mrs Trevor talked freely upon it; speculating, planning, and hoping, until their thoughts were diverted into another channel by the arrival of Captain Lefever, the day of whose marriage with Laura was fixed. Clergymen are the only people who voluntarily wear any distinctive costume when off duty now a days; and *they* are beginning to slip into black ties and wide-awakes, whenever they can do so without exciting remark; but in the last century you could tell your sovereign, your sweep, your lawyer, butcher, baker, highwayman, or physician, by their dress at sight; and so Captain Lefever was in uniform, which must have been immensely to his advantage in his love affairs, the military costume of the period, tight and inconvenient though it was, being far less unsightly than the civil. There was a cloud on his brow when he entered the room, not at all consistent with the character of an ardent lover, whose hopes were on the eve of realisation; and, indeed, the first greetings over, he said at once: 'I have bad news for you, or at least for myself. The wedding must be put off.'

'Put off!'

'Yes. These Irish riots are of a more serious character than was at first supposed; the whole country is up, and the few troops over there will have enough to do.'

'But I thought that you were fixed here on the recruiting service?' cried Mrs Trevor, letting her hands and the tambour-work fall into her lap.

'So I was, and intended to send off a batch of fifty recruits to-morrow, or rather to-night, with Johnson; but as the regiment is at W—, he would have to march through the wildest and most disturbed districts on his way to head-quarters; and Johnson, though a good officer enough, is but a lad of eighteen, so I think it better to leave him here, and take them myself. It is a great nuisance, but it cannot be helped; can it, sir?'

'No, Lefever; you are quite right—you must go. —Come, come, Laura, don't cry. He will be back presently; it is only deferring the marriage for a few weeks.'



'O papa, those horrid Irish! I am sure he will be getting killed, or something.'

'Killed! Ha, ha, ha—killed!' laughed Lefever with genuine mirth. 'That would be an ignominious death—something like being drowned in a gutter, or run over by a donkey-cart. Come, Laura, your fears are absurd. Ten soldiers are good against a thousand of this undisciplined rabble. There is no personal danger; but a good deal of activity and vigilance will be required to keep these lads, who are all recruits, together. Many of them are of Irish extraction, and might be enticed by their friends or relations to desert; or if they straggled from the main body, or got intoxicated, they might be murdered in detail. That is why I am going—not for fear of seeming to shirk "active service," for, as for any idea of *danger*, it is simply ridiculous; unless, indeed, you fear that I should succumb to the sea-sickness while crossing, and of this I own that I stand in considerable trepidation, for I am a miserable sailor. Have you heard anything, sir, upon the subject which—which'—

Mr Trevor shook his head sadly.

'Ah, well, well,' cried Captain Lefever, who was acquainted with the fact of William Trevor's disappearance, but knew nothing at that time of the disgraceful circumstances which he afterwards learned had attended his flight; 'he will turn up some day when you least expect him. He has been making the guineas fly, and is too high-spirited to come home and eat humble-pie, and I like him the better for it. Depend upon it, he is longing to be here all the time.'

So he chatted on, striving to cheer them up, for several hours, and then looking at his watch, he suddenly started up, and cried: 'We are to drop down with the tide, so I must be on board by one!'

A kiss, a blessing, a shake of the hand, and he was gone.

### III.

The sober hues of evening were fast deepening into the shadows of night around a 'moated grange' in the west of Ireland. It was rather an imposing mansion for that part of the country, two-storied, and strongly built; indeed, to a Saxon eye, it seemed, in spite of its broken windows and dilapidated roof, to be the only habitable house for miles and miles round, which was, I suppose, sufficient reason in Paddyland why it should not be inhabited. The trench which surrounded it was broad and deep, but in most parts dry, and was crossed by a rather solid bridge with stone parapets of sufficient consistence to resist the jar of clumsily guided wagons. This cross between a fort and a farmhouse, built in the time of Cromwell, by some English military agriculturist, one of the early workers at that problem which has not been solved yet—'How to cultivate the land in the midst of a hostile Irish population with an unperforated skin,' was planted in the centre of a broad and fertile valley traversed by really a very respectable road. On this road, and in front of the house, was stationed a group of peasants, armed one with a fowling-piece, another with a blunderbuss, but all carrying some description of firearm. They were evidently on the look-out for something, as first one, and then another kept glancing along the road.

'Sure, it is no use our stopping here any longer, like a lot of cats watching a hole with never a mouse in it,' said one of the party in Irish. 'The soldiers, bad luck to them, never march at night.'

'Faith, I wish they did!' cried another; 'it's myself would get a quiet safe shot at them in the dark. It's a knack I have got from shooting the ducks, the darlings. Arrah, wouldn't you like to kill a soldier, Larry?'

'Sure!' replied Larry; 'it might give a sinner the lift out of purgatory. But there won't be any

passing to-night. It is to be in by tattoo, they have, for fear the night-air should give them cold. And I'm thinking we will be off now; I'm tired of being a picket for one.'

'Hold your audacious tongues there!' cried the leader of the party. 'Do you call that discipline? Divil a bit you will stir till I give you leave, and that won't be till it's dark. Sure the captain explained it all to me. Arrah, if Tim there is not smoking his dhudeen! Do you consider that military behaviour, you spalpeen?'

'Sure the blunderbuss has never a lock to it, and how would I fire it off, if it was not for the pipe?'

'Here come the red-coats!'

'Sure enough. There's not a very many of them.'

'About fifty, maybe. They will be passing the night here, I'm thinking. Hooroo! if they had only sent to say they were coming!'

'You would have had a pot of praties and a keg of poteen ready for them, I don't doubt.'

'What would you say to a barrel of powder in the cellar, with a bit of lighted tow that would smoulder, smoulder, for a couple of hours, maybe, and then blow them all to glory?'

'Tim, you're a genius!' said the leader of the party; 'but it is too late for that now. This is the body of recruits expected at W— that we were to look out for. We must separate. I'll go to the captain; you, Larry, start for the boys at B—; you, Tim— But you all know. Well, off with ye, and meet at the ould place at sunrise.'

The party dispersed, and making for the surrounding hills in different directions, quickly disappeared.

In the meantime the detachment, like a red worm, dragged itself slowly through the valley. First, two men; then, at some thirty yards' interval, a party of six, two of whom were non-commissioned officers; then, in due course, the main body, jaded, dusty, staggering under the unaccustomed weight of knapsack, musket, and ammunition—several of them with blood-stained handkerchiefs round their heads; and in rear of this body came Captain Lefever, who, with all his exertions—and they had been energetic enough throughout the day, in all conscience—could not entirely keep the half-disciplined lads from falling out of the ranks, so that many stragglers dotted the road behind; and Sergeant Stock, who was the only steady old soldier Lefever had to depend on, and therefore commanded the rear-guard, had enough to do to collect and keep them together, without obliging the main body to halt. The march had been a long one, and all day the little party had been harassed by clouds of the armed peasantry, who hovered around, ready to satisfy their anti-English feelings upon any straggler who should wander from the main body, and even, when the mountain character of the road favoured them, daring to discharge their firearms at the soldiers; and though the nearest approach of the rebels was not within the distance from which their fire could be very effective, it was sufficient to cause several painful though not dangerous contusions, and by the defensive precautions which it obliged them to take, added greatly to the fatigue of the raw troops, and to the anxiety and responsibility of their officer; so glad enough was Lefever when the advanced-guard signalled that the house which had been pointed out by his sergeant, who knew the road well, as a good station for the night, was in sight. Captain Lefever halted his little column, and passing to the front, crossed the bridge, and examined the premises, which he found well suited for his purpose, and completely deserted; whereupon the whole party passed over; and in a few minutes every corner of the old farmhouse was alive with soldiers, laughing, singing, cooking, lighting fires, searching for fuel, cleaning their arms, forgetting all their fatigue in the immediate prospect of food and rest.

'Well, Sergeant Stock,' said Lefever, when the

men were shaking down comfortably, 'we could not get through to W—— after all.'

'No, sir; it was that having to throw out skirmishers at the Gap delayed us.'

'How far are we off now?'

'Not above three hours' march, sir. We shall be in early to-morrow morning.'

'Do you think that these fellows will attack us in the night?'

'I should not be surprised, sir: it depends on how strong they are.'

'Well, you must form a guard, and post a sentry on the bridge at once. What sergeant is next for duty?'

'Sergeant Williams; but I should not like to trust him or any other non-commissioned officer; they are nothing but boys. There is not one who ought to be more than a lance-corporal, by rights, but we had no choice. I had better take the guard myself, sir.'

But as he said this, Sergeant Stock, whose face had been getting very pale, staggered, and would have fallen, if it had not been for the chimney-piece, the corner of which he clutched. Captain Lefever sprang towards him, got him into a chair, loosened his dress and accoutrements, and called for water.

'I beg your pardon, sir, for making so free,' said the punctilious sergeant, when somewhat revived. 'It came on all of a sudden. One of them Irish hit me with a spent ball in the chest, and, now I come to be cool, it is rather painful.'

On examination, Lefever found a very extensive bruise, with signs of a broken rib; and having applied what rough remedy and bandage his limited resources and skill afforded, ordered the sergeant to get something to eat, and then lie down and rest. He would look to the guard himself, he said.

There was a small outbuilding close to the bridge-head, and this was converted into a guard-room. The sentry was posted on the bridge itself, with these orders: 'If any one comes near the bridge, or if you hear noises or see figures hovering about any part of the moat, challenge; and if they do not reply, or refuse to go away—this is no time for trifling—fire on them at once; and don't let any one approach you from the outside or the in, unless he can give the parole.'

It was nine o'clock when Captain Lefever, having given these directions, returned to the house with a mind by no means devoid of interest in the question what sort of dinner his servant had got ready for him. It was answered satisfactorily: part of a cold fowl, a slice or two of ham, a good hunch of bread, the whole washed down by cold brandy and water, formed no despicable meal. It is true that, when nothing remained but a greasy newspaper and an empty flask, he felt quite equal to beginning again; however, as there were no means of doing this, he took out his note-book, and wrote up his report to that time, and then rolling himself up in his cloak, he lay down on the floor.

The laughing and talking gradually died off, as the weary soldiers settled themselves down one after another for the night; and by a little after ten, all was as still as though the owl and the bat had been the only tenants of the grange. The sentry was to be relieved at eleven, and at five minutes to that hour Captain Lefever, not daring to trust anything to the raw boy to whom the exigencies of the case had obliged him to give command of the guard, went down to the bridge-head, and called him out. He came, his eyes full of sleep to an extent which justified his officer's anxiety.

'Sergeant Williams,' said the captain, 'it is important that the sentry who is on for the next two hours should be particularly on the alert: if any attack is made upon us, it will be between twelve and one. Which is your smartest man?'

'John Smith, sir.'

'What! That fellow who has been twice reported to me already for drunkenness and impertinence?'

'Yes, sir; he is an owdacious varmint, but as sharp as a needle. He writes beautiful, and his hands have never done any hard work. I think he must have been a pickpocket, or something genteel of that sort.'

'Hum!' said the captain, not oversatisfied. 'Well, relieve the other sentry; it is eleven o'clock. I will speak to this John Smith myself.'

The sergeant entered the guard-room; and Captain Lefever, remaining outside in the dark, was made sensible of the incomplete discipline of his recruits in a startling manner, for the disturbance and confusion incident to the awakening of Private John Smith, and the denunciations of that insubordinate young man on being disturbed in his slumbers, were exceedingly disgusting to the disciplinarian, who was not supposed to be within hearing.

'Never mind,' said Smith, by way of climax, to some comrade who bantered him on his unwillingness to rouse out; 'it's a warm night, and I'll finish my nap on the bridge.' And shouldering his musket, he stepped out after the sergeant.

When he was left alone on his post, Captain Lefever stepped up to him, made him halt and port his arms, and said: 'I heard your remark just now, Smith; but as it was of course made in jest, and not intended to reach my ears, I shall take no notice of it further than to inform you that the punishment of a sentry found sleeping on his post is Death, and that under the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed, I should feel no hesitation in taking the law into my own hands, and shooting the culprit on the spot. But I am sure that it is unnecessary for me to say this. All our lives are in your hands. If these rebels, who swarm around us, could once steal past you, they might cut all our throats in our sleep. This is the most important watch of the four, as any attack is most likely to be made shortly after midnight; and I have selected you for it as being evidently a man of sharper faculties and better grade than your comrades. You have only to keep your wits about you for two hours, and then you will be relieved. Shoulder arms.'

Captain Lefever returned to the house, and wrapping himself once more in his cloak, lay down, and tried to snatch an hour of that repose of which he stood in considerable need, for, indeed, his fatigues that day had been greater than those of any of the party under his command, except, perhaps, Sergeant Stock. But he could not rest; the responsibility of his position, the fact of all those lives being under his care, the rawness of his recruits, which might cause them to become panic-struck and helpless in the alarm of a night-attack, kept him feverish and uneasy. Suppose the sentry should be overpowered by sleep! Suppose—

He could stand it no longer, so he rose and once more stepped out into the night, and advanced towards the spot on which his anxieties were centered. There was no moon, but the stars were very brilliant, and by their light he could plainly distinguish several dark forms moving about on the other side of the moat. What could the sentry have been about, that he had not made them out, and given the alarm? He stepped upon the bridge, but no one challenged him, and a figure which was just visible stealing towards him from the other side, fled into the night at his approach. Where was the sentry? He soon found him. Smith, leaning his musket against the wall, had settled himself comfortably down at full length upon the parapet; and there he lay, sound asleep. Suspecting treachery, carried away by passion, without giving himself a moment's time for reflection, Captain Lefever drew a pistol from his girdle, placed the muzzle at the sleeping man's head, and pressed the trigger. A loud report awoke the echoes of the night, a bright flash dissipated for a moment its

darkness, and the body of the soldier rolled over, and fell heavily into the moat beneath—a corpse.

'Sergeant Williams!' said Captain Lefever, as the guard, alarmed by the shot, came tumbling out, 'place another sentry on the bridge. This man went to sleep, and I have shot him; and keep a sharper look-out yourself. Another five minutes, and the rebels would have been in the place.' And he strode sternly back to the house.

Very little inclination to drowsiness had the next sentry, and, indeed, Sergeant Williams and the remainder of his astonished guard showed a remarkable vigilance during the rest of the night; but the rebels made no further attempt to enter their position, and when the day dawned, there was not a figure to be seen on the plain surrounding the grange. Captain Lefever, crushed with fatigue, and confident that there would be no further need of his surveillance, slept soundly, in spite of the stern deed he had committed, until he was aroused by the drums beating the *veille*.

The report of the pistol in the dead of the night had aroused Sergeant Stock, who, on learning what had happened, quietly awoke two or three men, and going down with them to the moat, drew the body out of the sludge where it had fallen, and buried it as well as they were able in a dry place; and the impression made upon the young soldiers was strong when, on assembling in the early morning, they found a grave where they had left a comrade.

Captain Lefever paraded his men previous to marching out of the grange, and observed a sullen look upon their faces which he had never seen before. One man carried two muskets, another a second knapsack; but he made no remark upon this, only set his lips firmly together, and spoke in a harsher tone than was his wont; only his heart sank within him. They were unmolested during their march to W—, and there was nothing to distract his thoughts, which were gloomy and remorseful. It was a fearful thing to have sent an erring fellow-creature unwarned, without a moment for repentance, without time to utter a single cry for pardon, in his sleep, with all his sins upon his head, into the presence of his Judge. The words, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' rang in Captain Lefever's ears throughout that morning, and he had a presentiment that he had drawn down evil upon his head; and this presentiment was just. Though his brother-officers—some of whom looked grave at first—were unaltered in their manner towards him, and though the court-martial which he demanded entirely exonerated him from blame, the evil came; for in the course of that court-martial the fact was brought to light, that the wretched man whom he had so ruthlessly put to death, and who had enlisted under the name of John Smith, was none other than William Trevor, the erring brother of his Laura!

How the dreadful tidings were conveyed to the parents and sister, whether Laura Trevor recovered from the shock, and married another man, or died young, or lived single, an unwedded widow, I know not, I doubt if Captain Lefever ever knew; for on learning the truth, he was struck down by a brain-fever, on his recovery from which a permanent melancholy settled on him. He sold out, and attended only by his servant, who was much attached to him, and whose discharge he purchased, wandered purposeless through the country, till at last he settled down in what was then a lonely cottage on a barren cliff, his career cut short, his hopes of happiness blighted. Indeed, I believe that it was a morbid dread lest his line of life should even by the vaguest report touch that of hers from whom he was so fatally, so eternally severed, which led him to banish himself from mankind so utterly as he did; for his servant, old John Dobbs, tells me that during the many years that they lived at Shingleton, a newspaper was never allowed to

come into the house, nor did his master ever receive a letter.

My poor old friend has gone at last, and it is a satisfaction to me to know that my friendship soothed the close of the long life of penance which he imposed upon himself in expiation of a Moment's Impulse.

### FRESH-WATER PLANTS.

WATER-PLANTS with floating or submerged leaves are wholly different in structure from land-plants, whose leaves are aerial; and if examined carefully, they will be found to be just as beautifully adapted to the element in which they live, as land-plants are to the atmosphere. We wish to direct the attention of our readers to one or two interesting features in the anatomy of aquatic plants, with which they are probably unacquainted, and which are connected with their external circumstances or surroundings.

The epidermis of land-plants, with leaves wholly aerial, consists of two parts—1st, An extremely thin pellicle or film, without any appreciable organisation, called the *cuticle*; 2d, One or more strata of flattened tubular cells, which are much larger than the cells of the subjacent tissue, constituting the true *epidermis* or skin. These two superposed membranes are intimately united, and pierced by a number of apertures, termed stomata or pores. The epidermic cells adhere firmly together, so that the epidermis itself may be readily separated from the subjacent tissues, with which it adheres only slightly as a colourless layer.

The cuticle may be known by an examination of one of the leaves of a common cabbage, where it is developed in the form of a glaucous bloom or vegetable varnish; this may be separated as a thin continuous film or pellicle, from the subjacent epidermal layer, by maceration of the leaf in water for a few days. We are able to detect the presence of the cuticle on the epidermis, and prove it to be a perfectly distinct organ, by a simple chemical experiment. If a section of the epidermis be treated with tincture of iodine, the epidermic cells will remain colourless, whilst those of the cuticle will take a deep yellow tint.

The existence of the cuticle on the epidermis of plants as a perfectly distinct membrane, was first made known by Benedict de Saussure in 1762; since that period, it has been proved true by Hedwig in 1793, and by Brongniart in 1834, in his beautiful memoir on the structure of leaves.

Now, aquatic plants whose foliage remains wholly submerged, are deprived of that epidermis which is ever present on the aerial leaves of land-plants. The cuticle is the only investing membrane which covers them. The *Potamogetons* or pond-weeds, for example, at least such species as grow beneath the water, are covered with this cuticle. It is the medium in which plants live which determines the presence or absence of an epidermis with its stomata or pores. The leaves of these submerged aquatics want, too, that fibro-vascular skeleton or framework which we distinguish so readily in leaves which grow in the atmosphere. Sometimes, indeed, this skeleton appears as if it were present, but a more attentive examination with lenses of sufficient magnifying power speedily dissipates the delusion, and proves that the apparent vessels are merely elongated cells. Hence it is that the leaves of submerged plants, owing to the absence of an epidermis, which restrains the evaporation, and a fibro-vascular skeleton, as soon as removed from the water, dry so speedily, and become so crisp; so, also, these submerged leaves may be truly regarded as possessing a greater amount of organic simplicity of structure than the atmospheric leaves with a fibro-vascular skeleton, because composed wholly of cellular tissue.

The presence of the cuticle only as an investing



membrane most admirably adapts aquatic plants to the circumstances in which they are placed, for it prevents an injurious amount of water from penetrating their tissues. It is a vulgar error to suppose that submerged or even floating plants are soaking with water. Few persons are aware that the numerous forms of vegetation which they see floating on the surface of lakes or rivers, or whose verdure is visible beneath their waters, are one and all clothed in water-proof garments. Yet such is undoubtedly the case. Their surfaces are covered with a cuticle which acts as a perfect water-shed, so that the watery element in which they live does not enter their tissues mechanically, but only as it is required by their organism, and in accordance with the same laws which regulate its vital absorption into the organism of land-plants.

We hope that such of our readers as have leisure will be induced to verify these interesting facts by examining the water-plants in their neighbourhood. The upper surface of the floating leaves of water-lilies are covered with this cuticle, and water poured upon them collects into silvery globules, and rolls off their surface without wetting them; and the surface of all floating leaves will be found to be protected in a similar manner.

It is, however, necessary to add in this place, that floating plants have an epidermis as well as cuticle on that side of the leaf in immediate contact with the atmosphere; but on the under or submerged side of the leaf, the cuticle only is present.

The exclusion of superfluous water from the inside of aquatic plants is further promoted by the numerous air-cells in their interior. These air-cells are far more abundant in water-plants than in land-plants. Any one can be convinced of this by cutting across the stem or leaf of a water-plant, and examining the section with a small pocket-microscope. Sometimes the formation of these air-cells is accidental, the result of a mere mechanical rupture of the interior tissues; generally they are the result of the operation of a regular organic law, and then they assume, in some instances, very beautiful forms. The most common mode of development is as follows: there appear, at first, triangular openings between the adjacent polyhedral cells; these openings enlarge at the expense of the area enclosed by the cell-wall, until, as in the case of the rush, it takes the form of a six-rayed star. Those who possess a microscope may ascertain the correctness of what is here stated by making a section of the pith of the common rush, which is a very beautiful microscopic object. In this way, the large receptacles of air in the interior of most water-plants are formed.

So much for the anatomy of aquatic plants; as to their physiology, it is well known to every educated person that the aerial leaves of land-plants are a sort of filter, through which the impure air passes, is deprived of its carbonic acid, and rendered again fit for the respiration of animals. In other words, aerial leaves remove the carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and give forth that oxygen which sustains the animal life on the land. All plants do this, from the trees in the forest to the blades of grass in the field. The poisonous and the wholesome species are alike in this respect public benefactors, transforming the pestilent air into an atmosphere of life.

The same law obtains in regard to aquatic vegetation. All animals which live in water, from the whale which requires an ocean to swim in, to those minute and invisible moving points of life which the microscope reveals, and which find ample room for all their evolutions in a single drop of its waters, are poisoning the element in which they live with carbonic acid; and all aquatic plants, from the glorious *Victoria regia*, the queen of water-lilies, floating on the waves of the majestic river Amazon, down to the insignificant duckweed which covers the surface of the stagnant pool with its scum-like vegetation, are engaged in the grand work

of taking in the carbonic acid, and oxygenating the watery element in which they live, thus restoring it to pristine purity, and rendering it wholesome! Especially is this the function of plants which grow wholly submerged, for it is obvious that a great deal of the oxygen of the floating vegetation will pass at once into the atmosphere without producing much effect on the water. With submerged plants it is otherwise. Water always contains a considerable amount of carbonic acid in solution, which enters the tissues of the submerged plants. Under the influence of light, this carbonic acid is decomposed; the carbon is left in the parts which grow green, and the oxygen is exhaled. This exhalation of oxygen from the leaves of aquatic plants is beautifully seen in such submerged species as are cultivated in aquaria, in order to keep the fish in a healthy condition. The oxygen collects on the leaves in the form of air-bells, and a continuous succession of them will rise through the water, and burst on its surface. These streams of ascending oxygen keep the water pure, and shew that the chemistry of nature is going on, and the carbon of the carbonic acid is being assimilated by the plants. It is thus that water-plants purify or oxygenate the water, removing from it the same pernicious element.

The presence of air in the interior of aquatic plants not only excludes the water, but also gives them a certain amount of buoyancy which they require. When, therefore, our readers for the future, shall see the different forms of aquatic vegetation in the pond, rivulet, river, or lake, floating or wholly submerged, they will not forget to remember how well and wisely the organisation of these water-plants, both externally and internally, has been constructed, so that the water in which they live shall be kept out of them, and be admitted only in sufficient quantities to carry on those changes connected with the progress of their life.

#### MISS GRAPPLER.

I BELIEVE it is not altogether an original simile to compare women with ships. Were I a nautical man (which I am not), I might attempt to expatiate on this comparison, and shew how some little women resemble schooners; how some tall and graceful women resemble the stately frigate or magnificent line-of-battle ship; how some dumpy women resemble the old-fashioned Dutch merchantmen. I might carry the simile further, and say some women are guard-ships and transports, and some, alas! are only pleasure-yachts or even fire-ships. But I will leave the general consideration of the subject, and confine myself to the type of a class, which may be characterised as marriageable young ladies of forty.

Miss Glorvina Grappler has for a long time been associated in my mind with the idea of a ship, especially when I meet her sailing in the parks and public promenades; and when she passes me on a wind, as sailors say, with ribbons flying, and crinoline flapping in the breeze, I am irresistibly reminded of a gallant bark, originally clipper-built, and classed A1 at Lloyd's, shewing signs of wear and tear, but still a good sea-worthy vessel.

Such is 'The Grappler' at forty. But I project myself into the future. I behold her at fifty, crazy and cranky, and rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, dismantled, and firing signal-guns of distress; nevertheless, with the help of jury-masts, heading bravely for the port of *Matrimony*—a haven which, I greatly fear, she is destined never to reach, for she makes terrible lee-way, and unless something of the nature of a miracle happens, she will go ashore on the barren coast of *Single Blessedness*, probably on that dreary part called *No Man's Land*, where she will be stranded high and dry, and left as a warning to other craft bound on a similar voyage, of the consequence of starting on the voyage of life without chart, compass, provision, or ballast.

To quit metaphor, Miss Grappler is a melancholy illustration of a fact verified by daily experience, that if young ladies will expect to be married without acquiring the proper qualifications to make a useful wife, they stand a good chance of being disappointed in their matrimonial hopes. Nay, it is frequently those women who are most beautiful and most 'accomplished' who die old maids.

Miss Grappler is a young lady of forty, who really looks no more than the age she calls herself—ten years younger—thanks to a good constitution, and that marvellous art of repairing the ravages of time, which female skill has brought to such perfection.

Nobody, I suppose, likes to grow old, however much we may philosophise about the advantages possessed by maturity and experience over youth and folly. But to a fashionable woman, the approach of wrinkles and gray hairs must be the abomination of desolation. In spite, therefore, of the aids to beauty afforded by enamel, hair-dye, wigs, and fronts, women seem to have an especial horror of age, and many young women even appear to live in the illusion that they shall never grow old. To hear a young talking of an old one, you would imagine that young and old formed two distinct species, and that the speaker belonged to the former. 'I wonder what sort of an old woman I would make,' I once heard a young lady remark. I ventured to express a hope that she would live to solve the question practically, but she received the remark with a smile of incredulity.

'There are women,' observes a French author, 'who, thanks to the secluding system of a provincial town, and to the habits of a virtuous life, preserve themselves youthful up to forty. They resemble the latest roses of autumn, which are pleasing to the eye, but whose petals are cold, and retain little fragrance.'

Miss Grappler is still a fine woman, owing partly to the above causes, and also to the conserving effects of the English climate, which, with all its faults, is favourable to beauty. In what other country do you see women as handsome; and where but in England do you see fine women at forty, and even at fifty? Miss Grappler is tall and stout, with fair complexion, light hair, and blue eyes.

Twenty years ago, she started in life, or, to follow up the nautical simile, she weighed anchor, and made sail for the port of Matrimony, full of budding hopes and illusions, based on her charms and accomplishments. Youth was at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm. The wind was fair when this graceful vessel glided from her moorings—quitted the privacy of the family circle, and entered on the sea of fashionable life under convoy of an experienced *chaperon*. Everything betokened a prosperous voyage of reasonable length. Little did Miss Grappler or any of her friends anticipate that twenty years later she would still be beating about like the Flying Dutchman. For the first ten years—that is, from twenty to thirty, the question put by Miss Grappler to herself was one which is frequently put by other young ladies under similar circumstances: 'Whom shall I have?' For the last ten years she had been asking herself: 'Who will have me?' Miss Grappler is forty, and still unmarried.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
Left in this dreadful hour alone.

As the reader will perceive, I am warming with my subject. How shall I attempt to describe the feelings of an unprotected female when she has reached what Byron calls the most barbarous of all the middle ages—the middle age of man. To return to Scott, for this is a theme too tragic for prose:

Perchance her reason stoops or reels,  
Perchance a courage not her own  
Braces her mind to desperate tone.

Alas! what are accomplishments? what are youth, beauty, virtue, in this degenerate age? when the men

go into the matrimonial mart from such interested motives. Miss Grappler was admired, danced with, flirted with; but the inquiry always made by Young England, after admitting that she was 'a doozed fine gal,' was: 'But has she any "tin"?' And the knowing ones replied: 'She has no tin,' or, to express the painful fact as delicately as possible in the polite phraseology used by Miss Grappler's chaperon and friends: 'Miss Grappler has no fortune; she is a fortune in herself.' The first statement Miss Grappler knew to be a fact; of the truth of the second, she was firmly persuaded. She only believed—nor do I think she is quite alone in her belief—that to be able to play the piano, to whirl round a ball-room in perfect time to a polka or *valse à deux temps* till three in the morning, and to make the appropriate conventional remarks about an opera, a picture, or the last new novel, ought to make any right-thinking, reasonable man happy, and that the husband who expected more than this from the partner of his bosom was a monstrosity.

After thirty, Miss Grappler's temper became a little soured; she began to take gloomy views of human nature; she believed in Dr Cumming's vaticinations about the approaching end of the world; she often declared that she was disappointed in men, that the lords of creation were not at all what she had believed them to be, but fell very far short of the ideal standard of her youthful imagination. Though Miss Grappler does not express herself in the most consequent manner, her mental condition is apparent to the student of human nature. She feels that society has not kept faith with her; she has been trained up to look to marriage as her destiny, and she is not married; she might apostrophise the sex as one man, and hurl against mankind the pathetic reproach of Sarah to Abraham, 'My wrong be upon thee.'

There is, in short, a continual struggle waging in Miss Grappler's bosom between a bitter animosity towards the sex in general and her desire to pounce upon one man, and appropriate him for ever, to grapple to her heart with hooks of steel (to make use of a pleasing anatomical image) a husband!

What is Miss Grappler's principal object in wishing to be married? Perhaps she cherishes the Machiavelian project of making one man the scapegoat for the sins of the whole sex—to make of her husband a slave to do the meanest chaps. Perhaps, and I incline to this latter opinion, she really would do her best to make him happy in her own way; but whether the result would be happiness or misery to him, belongs to that class of speculations which may be ranged with the possible events of history which have never happened, the discussion of which would plunge us into metaphysical inquiries on such abstruse subjects as free-will and fatality.

This inconsistency of sentiment causes a corresponding inconsistency of conduct. At one time, Miss Grappler is gentle and caressing towards some man, who has said some civil things to her. While he is unconsciously making himself agreeable, Miss Grappler is nursing the hope that he may be the fortunate individual destined to lead her, at last, to the hymeneal altar, and give her the privilege of wearing a veil and orange-blossoms, which are to a woman what the conqueror's or poet's laurel, the marshal's *bâton*, the bishop's crosier, the lord chamberlain's gold-stick, the wool-sack of the lord chancellor, the triple crown worn by the servant of servants, the White House at Washington, the lord mayor's coach of state; in short, all the emblems of success, in the various departments of ambition, are to men!

Suddenly, however, true to her feminine pride, and the training of society which teaches a woman to profess indifference, and even dislike, to the great object of all her hopes and schemes, she flies off at a tangent, and revenges herself on her victim for all her previous words and looks of kindness, by intrenching herself

in a triple outwork of supercilious reserve or disdain, or else utters the rudest speeches, as the nearest approach she can make to sarcasm. Miss Grappler acts thus in perfect singleness of heart, for she firmly believes that any man who has had sufficient opportunities of seeing and falling in love with her, and does not do it, is a depraved and immoral character, quite unsusceptible of the charms of virtue, and utterly unworthy of domestic happiness.

The class of women which Miss Grappler typifies would, I think, give a definition of man at least *novel*, if not scientifically correct. They do not trouble themselves with the theories of philosophers and ethnologists. For them, man is neither a featherless biped with flattened nails, nor a clothes-wearing, nor a cooking, nor a worshipping animal, nor a development from the gorilla; no, he is simply a *marrying animal*. Now, it is frequently the effect of civilisation to cause animals to degenerate from their original natures, and man has also departed from his proper function, and is not so fond of marrying as he ought to be. It is the mission of these women to make him fulfil his destiny. In their conversation among themselves, you will often hear this question: Is Mr Such-a-one a marrying-man? Do they desire to inform themselves thoroughly of a man's character, they ask: Is such a person a good husband? which means, does he let his wife have her own way. A good husband must be a perfect man. Their principal if not sole ideas of manly worth, honour, intelligence, patience, and fortitude is, that a man should, not later than the age of twenty-five, select one woman from the crowd, support her in comfort, luxury, and affluence, gratify all her whims and caprices, give her the same opportunities *after* that she has enjoyed *before* marriage of going into society, eclipsing her rivals, and listening to the flattery of men.

#### ANCIENT WRITING MATERIALS.

SINCE rags became so scarce a commodity as to render their importation from the continent, and even from the far East, a matter of mercantile speculation, the inventive genius of man has been busily engaged seeking out substitutes for rags. In making paper out of straw, art is but returning in some measure to the employment of vegetable substances, not unlike those on which the first rude hieroglyphics were engraved, with this difference, that the material undergoes a lengthened preparation. As the archaeologist has divided the various epochs of man's occupation on the earth according to the nature of the tools he employed, into the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, so may we discover in the different materials of which books have been constructed, distinct eras of the world.

There appears reason to believe that in the history of every nation there has been a time when painted figures of the object wished to be expressed were the only means of carrying on written communications; as witness the monuments of Egypt and Assyria, and the paintings of the more modern Mexicans. The most ancient form of book is said to have been the roll or volume of tanned skins; these were goat or calf skins, tanned very soft, and dyed either red or yellow. Each individual skin was tacked to the succeeding one, till the whole made up a roll of a hundred feet or more. On this material are written the copies of the law found in the synagogues, these ancient leathern rolls of the Pentateuch being some of the oldest manuscripts extant. It is probable, however, that the practice still met with in the East of writing upon palm-leaves has been followed from the earliest ages, but that as such material was very perishable, they were only employed for writing letters on, or making temporary memoranda, and that when it was desired to construct a work whose contents might be transmitted to posterity, a book of leather was adopted.

To the same primeval period must be referred the construction of books made out of the inner rind or bark of trees, from whence are derived the Latin word *liber*, and the Greek word *biblos*, a book. Among the Romans, the inner bark of the linden or teel tree was chiefly employed for this purpose; while among our Saxon ancestors, there is reason to suppose that the beech or *buech*—from whence the Saxon word *boe* and the English *book* are derived—was the tree from which they cut their bark tablets. It was not only the bark that was employed, but also the heart-wood of the tree, cut into tablets, and strung together with a cord. These were called codices, and were engraved or inscribed with the subject wished to be transmitted by the writer, but, like the Mosaic tables of stone on which were written the ten commandments, were reserved chiefly for legal documents, from whence the word code has come to imply a system of laws. Among savage races at the present day will occasionally be found copies of the Gospels painted on tablets of bark or wood, and we learn that a curious library of this description was discovered some time ago among the Kalmuck Tartars. The books were exceedingly long and narrow, the leaves very thick, being made of the bark of trees, smeared over with double varnish, and the writing was white on a dark ground.

We can easily understand that tablets of wood having once come into use, men would immediately look round them for something still more suitable, from which the writing could be effaced and again renewed, and that tablets of beaten lead and ivory would supplant those of wood, in turn to be surpassed by the well-known wax tablet and style of classic story. These last were made of wood, covered with a thin layer of coloured wax, on which the writing was easily impressed by an iron needle or style, and could again as easily be effaced, by smoothing over the surface with the reverse or blunt end. The iron style, so absolutely necessary for scratching on leaden or brass tablets, became, unfortunately, on some occasions a fatal weapon of attack with which to close an argument that neither words nor writing could settle; its use was, in consequence, forbidden, and styles were constructed of wood, bone, or ivory, quite suitable for etching on wax tablets. Julius Cæsar, when attacked by the conspirators, having no weapon at hand, used his style, with which he wounded one of them in the arm.

To impale a disputative opponent on the point of the pen was in those days no literary figure, since we read that one Cassianus, a Christian schoolmaster, while carrying on an argument with his pupils, so incensed the latter, that they arose and despatched him with their styles. Oxford, too, can boast that one of her first professors, a certain John Scot, suffered martyrdom in this singular manner, if not for Protestantism, at least for denying the real presence in the Eucharist. Being a learned man, and well versed in Latin and Greek, he travelled on the continent for the purpose of visiting the various seats of learning, and was well received at the court of Charles the Bald, by whose wish he translated some Greek authors into Latin. Unfortunately, his writings were condemned by the pope as heretical; and fleeing from France, he took refuge in an English monastery, where even the sacredness of the edifice and the land of his birth were unable to protect him, for the church, determined on his death, instigated the monks to rise against him, and kill him with their styles.

In time, the use of leather skins and tablets passed away, and paper, made from the papyrus, came to be the substance on which manuscripts were written or printed. We cannot give any exact date as to the first employment of the papyrus, but it is known to have been in general use for at least three or four hundred years before the Christian era, and to have



retained its position as a material for manuscripts till the seventh or eighth century, when it was supplanted by parchment and other substances. That it had been in use from the earliest ages in Egypt, as a material on which to inscribe a scroll or genealogical record, is well known to all who have heard of the Turin papyrus of the kings, as old as the eighteenth century B.C., or of those papyri written in the reign of Menepthah II. (the Sesostris of most writers, who flourished 1340 B.C.); but it was not till the formation of the Alexandrian Library was begun (283 B.C.) that the papyrus became generally applied to the purpose of books or rolls. The stimulus given to the manufacture of this article by the collection of 700,000 volumes in the Alexandrian Library, and the general demand which existed for it in all civilised countries, caused it to become one of the chief exports of Egypt, and a staple branch of commerce in the Mediterranean Sea. The mode of preparing it was as follows: 'The fibrous coats of the plant were peeled off the whole length of the stem; one layer of fibres was then laid across another upon a block, and being moistened, the glutinous juice of the plant formed a cement sufficiently strong to give coherence to the fibres: when greater solidity was required, a size made from bread or glue was employed. The two films being thus connected, were pressed, dried in the sun, beaten with a broad mallet, and polished with a shell. It was then cut into the various lengths required for use.' Still it was but a rough and unfinished fabric, and it was not until it became generally employed at Rome, that the artists of that city managed to give it something of the smoothness and whiteness of paper. Even then, like the rice-paper made by the Chinese of the present day, its texture was so brittle that the greatest care was needed in handling it; and to remedy this, the copyists of the early centuries after Christ inserted a parchment page between every five or six of the papyrus, in order to give the weaker substance strength and durability. To this circumstance alone do we owe it that many of the manuscripts of the seventh and eighth centuries have been handed down to our own time. Doubtless, the number of those now extant would have been far greater, but for the unfortunate destruction by fire of the Ptolemaic Library, during the expedition of Caesar to Egypt. On the ashes of this library arose another, which did not, however, equal its predecessor in size and splendour, and which met with a similar fate at the hands of the Saracens under the Calif Omar in 650.

When these savage hordes from the East overran the civilised land of Egypt, a stop was put to the manufacture of the papyrus; and parchment, which had been gradually brought to greater perfection, superseded it. The decline of the papyrus, and the general employment of parchment, date from the eighth or ninth century. Perhaps the largest collection of papyri in the world is that which exists in the Vatican, where one particular chamber is called the papyrus-room, from the immense collection of these old manuscripts.

It is alleged that the origin of parchment was due to an embargo having been laid on the further exportation of papyrus by one of the Ptolemies, who was afraid of being rivalled by the magnificence of the collection made by Eumenes, son of Attalus, king of Pergamus (a collection which amounted to 200,000 volumes), which latter prince, in consequence, had recourse to the manufacture of this material, which took its name from the capital city; but it is more than probable, that as men advanced in civilisation, endeavours were made to improve upon the rough leather-rolls, and that parchment was the result.

This substance, for long called *Pergamena*, has proved to be one of the most indestructible materials ever manufactured. There are manuscripts of it alleged

to be as old as the fourth century, and certainly many of the sixth and seventh, that have outlived the monasteries in which they were found, nay, possibly were penned in others, the very stones of which have crumbled into dust, while the writing of the laborious monk is as clear and fair on its pages as if they were inscribed but yesterday.

Parchment being sometimes very scarce, the copyists of the middle ages adopted the plan of taking old manuscripts of that material, scratching out their contents, and penning them over again with some more recent production. These were called *palimpsests*; and very frequently the recent writing was some fabulous story or a detail of the miracles of some pious saint, for the conveyance of which worthless trash to posterity, valuable works had been erased. Numbers of these may be found in the National Library of France and in the Vatican; in many instances, the new writing has totally effaced the old, but sometimes the original has resisted all the efforts of washing or erasing; and in this way have been recovered invaluable manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures and classic literature. This practice was so common in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that if the books of that age are examined, there will be found as many written on erased as on new parchment.

In the library of the Vatican, just alluded to, are some very old parchment manuscripts, one roll, two hundred and seventeen feet long, and thirty-three inches broad, contains the Pentateuch in Hebrew, attributed to the ninth century; while another, supposed to be even older than the fourth century, is a copy of Virgil, written in capitals, on nine hundred folio pages.

These palimpsests, and the copying of ancient books, were the work principally of monks, in whose religious houses one room, called a *scriptorium*, was particularly set apart for that purpose. Their mode of writing varied not only in character, but in legibility, some aiming at a swift handwriting, the *tachygraphoi*; others at a clear fair hand, the *kalligraphoi*. Though generally the work of monks, men of rank did not occasionally disdain to devote their leisure to copying books; and Montfaucon tells us that in the lists of copyists are many of the names of the nobles of the Constantinopolitan empire. A certain feeling of being employed in a good work seems to have impelled the writers to prosecute the task of copying out these parchments, since they generally finished by saying: 'This book, copied by M. R., for the benefit of his soul, was finished in the year, &c. May the Lord think upon him.' At other times, an anathema was pronounced at the end of the book against any who should alter or falsify it, as we see in Revelation; much in the same way as the Mohammedan places the name of God at the beginning of a book, in the belief that the reverence inspired by the name will afford protection to everything on which it appears. The form of books seems to have been originally square; the sheets were folded into three or four plies, and stitched separately; they were then fastened together much in the same manner as is practised in the present day, and were covered with linen, silk, or leather. Sometimes the page was undivided, at others, it contained two, or even three columns. In the earlier days, punctuation there was none, and each word was joined to the other, no separation existing between them. Many of the ancient books were brilliantly illuminated with gold and silver, blue and vermillion, and must have been made the subject of devout and untiring energy, before the writer could have evolved the flowery initials, figures, and ciphers which grace the margins of the book, and the commencement of paragraphs.

As long as books were written on scrolls of parchment, it was usual to have a cylinder or staff attached, round which to roll them, in the same way as we do with maps. The parchment was written on but one

side, and at each end of the cylinder was a nob or ball, often carved or adorned with ivory, gold, and precious stones, by which to roll up the scroll. In the East, it was customary to incase these rolls in an elegant cover or wrapper, and to inscribe on it a title indicating the general tenor of their contents.

Manuscripts are occasionally to be met with printed on human skin—these are either Mexican or Peruvian. One of the former is to be met with in the library of Vienna, beautifully executed in coloured figures, and a second in the library at Dresden, containing a fragmentary history of the Incas of Peru.

Another material on which books used to be executed was vellum, but so expensive was this substance, that it has been estimated that probably not more than two or three thousand works were ever issued on this fabric. Of the date of its first use, we are uncertain; but a very beautiful specimen of it, in the shape of a Roman breviary, printed at Venice in 1478, may be met with in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. This is a large folio volume, consisting of four hundred and one pages of the finest vellum, thin, and beautifully white. The printing, which is done in red and black ink, the former unglazed, the latter shining like varnish, and extremely deep in colour, is so smoothly and sharply executed, that it may compare with any of our copperplate-printing of the present day. Other works, however, of a much older date, printed on this material, are to be met with on the continent; as copies of Pliny and Justin in the library of Göttingen, belonging to the thirteenth century; but more particularly the Codex Aureus in the library of Stockholm, a copy of the Evangelists, written on purple vellum, alleged to be as old as the ninth century, and deriving its name from the large number of letters of gold interspersed through its pages. This, too, is in its turn surpassed by an imperfect copy of the Evangelists, deposited in the library of Upsal, written in gold and silver letters on vellum, and ascribed to Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, who flourished under the Emperor Valens, about the year 370.

That fabric which immediately preceded and led to the employment of linen or cotton rags in the manufacture of paper, was the *Charta bombycina*, or cotton-paper, often improperly called silk-paper, which appears to have been used in Greece and the East as early as the ninth century, soon after the time that the manufacture of papyrus had been almost wholly destroyed by the irruption of the Saracens. The manufacture of this paper still continues in the East, where a very pretty fabric is made of it; and old copies of the Evangelists, printed on this substance, as early as the ninth century, may be met with in some of the continental libraries.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, mills for the manufacture of paper, from linen and cotton rags, were erected on the continent, from whence this branch of industry rapidly spread to our own country, and very soon vellum, parchment, and papyrus became obsolete in the hands of the printer, and were removed as curiosities to the shelves of the librarian.

We cannot close this description of the materials of ancient books without mentioning two rare curiosities in biblical construction. One which was neither written nor printed, entitled *The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, with figures and characters composed in no material*, was made of the finest folio vellum, in which all the letters were cut out; and a leaf of blue paper being inserted between each page, it was read as easily as if it had been printed. We are told that this singular work was so highly valued by Rudolph II. of Germany, that he offered 11,000 ducats for it. It once belonged to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is still supposed to be in France, though probably an English production, from its bearing the royal arms of England.

Perhaps, however, the most singular material for book-making ever proposed was that suggested by Signior Castagnatta, and partially carried out by Professor Burkman of Brunswick—asbestos. It was proposed to make the leaves and boards of this substance, the latter somewhat thicker than the former, to sew the work with asbestos thread, and print the contents in letters of gold, so that the whole being totally indestructible, would merit the appellation of the Book of Eternity.

A word or two on the subject of pens and ink as used by the copyists and ancient writers. Apart from the style already alluded to, and which was not so much employed for writing as etching or engraving, the common pen of the ancients, called a calamus, was made from a reed of the Nile. Not but that the suitability of quills for writing was known, but preference was shewn for the calamus made from the reed. Occasionally, the calamus was made of gold or silver, but these were used only by people of rank. The usual accompaniments of the calamus on the writing-desk of the copyist were a knife to trim the pen, compasses for measuring the distances between the lines, and scissors for cutting the paper.

The Greeks and Romans greatly surpassed us in the variety and hue of their inks—black, red, purple, blue, green, gold, and silver being all found in the ancient manuscripts and works. The black, which in most of the old writings has become tawny or deep-red, or sometimes vermilion—not faint and yellow, as with us—has occasionally, even in those of a great age, retained its pristine gloss and darkness, but it is supposed that in that case it has contained either powdered burned ivory or hard wood mixed with gum, which has formed a pigment thicker, no doubt, and less fluent than our modern ink, but much more durable. The lighter kind of black, again, is believed to have been the black liquor taken from the cuttle-fish.

#### DOWN - LAND.

THE Down, in a tremble of thin, pale blue,  
With air-bells all tinselled and hung with dew;  
Rabbits that peep, and rabbits that pry,  
From the thorn-covert dark with timorous eye,  
Where the black rooks swoop, and settle, and swirl,  
From great white clouds that widen and furl;  
Crop-eared lawns, where the silver leaf  
Leads to the heather, and on to the sheaf.  
This is the broad, free, rolling Down,  
Twenty miles from Salisbury Town.

That is Crockerton Furze out there,  
Dim, through a half-dozen miles of air;  
Yonder, gray, blanched white in the sun,  
Is Redstone Copse, where the foxes run;  
Up there, to the right, sand-edged with trees,  
And tufted with firs, is fair Summerleas;  
And far away the horizon shines,  
Rolling blue with its prairie lines.  
This is the broad free Wiltshire Down,  
Twenty miles from Salisbury Town.

Yonder the squared-out, mapped-out land,  
Like the coloured chart in a general's hand,  
Golden acres of billowy wheat  
Rolling to one, to the farmer's feet,  
Emerald sections of meadow green,  
Where red cows feed, and the weathercock sheen  
Of the gray-stoned steeple soars beacon high,  
Cleaving the clear blue radiant sky.  
This is our broad, free, rolling Down,  
Twenty miles from Salisbury Town.

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